

VOLUME XXXV.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1900.

NUMBER 917.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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LIFE

SPORTING
NUMBER

JUNE 7

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SCRIBNER'S for JUNE

THE BOER WAR



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S first article, which appears in the June *Scribner's*, tells of Buller's advance to the relief of Ladysmith and of the battle of Pieter's Hill. The narrative, like all of Mr. Davis's writing, has a human quality that appeals irresistibly to the reader. No other writer brings us so near the actual scenes. The article is illustrated from photographs.

THE BOER SIDE of the situation, too, is shown most vividly in this number by Thomas F. Millard, who is with the Boer army, and who tells, what has not yet been told, the methods of the Boer attack and defence as observed in their own lines.

HOW A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED

Mr. A. Maurice Low, the Washington correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, gives a detailed and graphic account of the whole course of a Presidential campaign, and with a lively appreciation of its varied human aspects. There are many illustrations full of life and character.

OTHER CONTENTS: "Are the Philippines Worth Having?" a practical survey of the resources of the islands by G. F. Becker, *U. S. Geologist*; an article by John Fox, entitled "Down the Kentucky on a Raft"; J. M. Barrie's story, "Tommy and Grizel"; "Oliver Cromwell," by Governor Theodore Roosevelt; "Copy," a dialogue by Edith Wharton; "What Is Historic Atmosphere?" by Charles Major, Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower"; Articles, Poems and Stories by Edith M. Thomas, Harrison Morris, William J. Long, Lixette Woodworth Reese, Lewis C. Senger and Roy Roffe Gilson.

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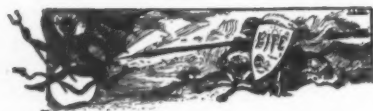
·LIFE·



VARIETY.

Miss Niblick: DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF PLAYING GOLF ALL THE TIME?

Miss Brassie: OH, YES. I OFTEN FEEL AS IF I WOULD LIKE TO STOP PLAYING AND JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK ABOUT IT.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXV. JUNE 7, 1900. No. 917.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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THE propensity of best laid plans to gang agley has of late been in process of illustration at Yale University, where a carefully matured scheme for diminishing the importance of the Sophomore societies threatened to come to nought because of the perverse disinclination of the obstreperous societies to be diminished. The matter was all arranged. A conference committee of Sophomores and upper classmen had considered it. Graduates had been consulted and had given their advice, and nothing remained except for the culprits to take their medicine. To the surprise and scandal of the Yale community, and the amusement of other observers, the Sophomores turned fractious and refused to bow to public opinion. It left things in a mischievous and embarrassing tangle. The trouble, as may be recalled, was that the activities of the three Sophomore societies had grown so formidably pernicious that their members were said to be able to get what they wanted in college to the exclusion of outsiders who felt themselves to be more worthy. The three societies seem to have constituted between them a social trust, limited in membership, but exceedingly successful in the acquisition of power

and glory. Public opinion said they must be taught to know their place; undergraduate authority prescribed their penance. Time was given them to bring forth works meet for repentance, and when no crop appeared the Yale faculty reluctantly intimated an intention to interfere. At this writing the intimation appears to have succeeded, for rumor says that the Sophomore society lads have taken, or are about to take, the action which their elders felt to be becoming to them.



MOST Yale undergraduates, like most active men in real life, want to succeed. Success as ordinarily understood in real life means getting rich, or becoming reputably famous, or holding high office. At Yale the current outward token of success is membership in one of the three small senior societies. Whoever is taken into one of these societies is felt not to have been to Yale College in vain. It is more or less the desire of Yale idealists that membership in these dominant senior societies should be a reward of merit; that men should not be taken into them merely because they are pretty, or well-mannered, or have good taste in clothes, or have made an advantageous choice of parents, but rather because they are of such quality and have so used their talents and advantages as to have become honorably prominent in college life. It is the Yale sentiment that if the senior societies which set the pace for the Yale community are made up of the most prominent seniors available, there is nothing for anyone to complain of, because prominence fairly won is entitled to its reward, and every community ought to be led by its most prominent men. The basis of hard feeling towards the Sophomore societies was that they constituted a sort of political machine that was able to confer prominence, and the resulting preferment, upon persons who had not the ability or the diligence to achieve it in a fair field, and that they deprived stouter men of the just rewards of their strenuousness.



IT is hoped that the new plan, which is to govern now if the Sophomore societies will let it, will make everything come right. It provides for what is called the pyramid system, and the idea of it is that from each Freshman class after it has been in college long enough to be known, so that the more obvious goats may be rejected, the membership of several large and commodious Sophomore societies shall be recruited. These societies in turn are to supply members to smaller junior societies, which in their turn shall give their best and brightest to the still more select societies of senior year. This system seems all right except for the goats. At any rate, it is acceptable to Yale. The men who profit or hope to profit by the system will support it, and the others are not in a position to fight it to advantage. A society system that will select without excluding has not as yet been discovered. It is recognized by the eminently wise that exclusiveness is not the prize but the penalty of distinction, but we can't expect college boys to appreciate that idea so long as it is so sparingly accepted in the great world.



ON the whole, Senator Clark seems to be having his money's worth of sport out of his seat in the Senate. It came marvellously high, and it has not proved particularly steady under him, but he sticks to it like a circus rider, and the prospect is good that he will get at least once around the ring. His recent exploit in resigning with pathetic words of farewell the seat which the Senate had determined not to be his, and turning up next day in the same chair with a new and better title, did considerable credit both to his powers of strategy and to his sense of humor. He had already made monkeys of the voters of Montana, and now he has made game of his brother Senators. There is no doubt about his merit as a sporting character, however it may be with his qualifications as a legislator.



"GO TO THE DEVIL!"

"YOU CONTEMPTIBLE—I—I CANNOT EXPRESS MYSELF, SIR!"

"GO BY FREIGHT, THEN!"

Knew His Value.

"THEY say as a politician Murphy always has the courage of his convictions."

"In what way?"

"Well, he never hesitates to name his own price."



"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, MRS. BUG?"

"SOME CRAZY FOOL CAME ALONG JUST NOW SAYING, 'LOVE, LOVE ME NOT,' AND TORE MY WHOLE VERANDA OFF."

As Sung in Gotham.

"MAID of Athens, must we part?"
(Sang the poet, long ago.)

"Maid of Athens, sweet, my heart,
"Zoe mou sas agapo!"

That fair age hath long gone by;
Dried the Cytherean fount;

"Maid of Athens," now they cry,
"Let me see your bank account!"

"Tho' I fly to Istamboul,"
(Sang the poet, long ago),
"Athens holds my heart and soul—
"Zoe mou sas agapo!"

Love long since hath taken wing;
Lovers balance gain and loss;
"Maid of Athens" (hear them sing),
"Hearts be hanged! I'm in for
dross!"

"Maid of Athens, hear me vow,"
(Sang the poet, long ago—
Ah, that he would sing it now!)
"Zoe mou sas agapo!"

Now he asks, "What is your dot?"
Never, "Do your smiles bewitch?"
Are you winning matters not:
Maid of Athens, are you rich?

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,"
(Sang the poet, long ago),
"Give, oh, give me back my heart!
"Zoe mou sas agapo!"

Ah, that still the world was young,
And that heart-beats were not sold,
Just as when the poet sung,
Sung of love and not of gold—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,"

(Sang the poet, long ago),

"Give, oh, give me back my heart!"

"Zoe mou sas agapo!"

Marguerite Merington.

"I SEE a lot in the papers nowadays about the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of birth. How is a fellow to distinguish between them?"

"The aristocracy of wealth is noted for its pride of ancestry, and the aristocracy of birth lives beyond its means."

AFTER all, the Duke of York's second son has not been named Patrick. He was christened on May 17, at Windsor, with Jordan water out of a gold font, by the Bishop of Winchester, and was named by the Queen, who called him Henry William Frederick Albert. It is a disappointment, but should not cause hard feeling towards the young prince, who was obliged, under the circumstances, to take what names he could get. Another time, perhaps, there may be better luck. Report says that the trouble this time was not at all a reluctance to honor Ireland, but the difficulty of choosing between two names, one strong party favoring Patrick, and another insisting on Dennis. Agreement proving impossible, both names had to be passed over.

Anglo-Saxon Version.

LET us then be up and doing
Others, all the livelong day;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to prey.

THERE was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch table, and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie. Willie looked at his pudding—then at his mother's empty plate.

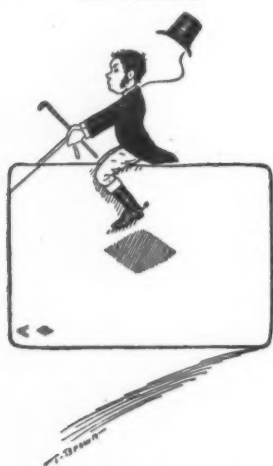
"Mamma," he said, earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."



Owen Wister's Western Comedies.

THERE is a vein of rattling good farce in the stories of Owen Wister collected in "The Jimmyjohn Boss" (Harper's). The bubbling humor of "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments" is as rollicking as one of Hoyt's comedies. A young man and an elderly woman are hauled out of a Pullman to judge a baby-show while the train waits. It isn't safe for any of the inhabitants to engage in that ticklish business. That is the whole situation, but it is crammed full of amusing characters and incidents. The best of them is the management of the half-drunk *Shot Gun Smith* who insists on having a prize for his twins.

In the same vein is "Sharon's Choice," the contest this time being for prizes in oratory.



A CARD MOUNT.

More melodramatic are "A Kinsman of Red Cloud," and "The Jimmyjohn Boss," in which there are the usual escapes from battle, murder and sudden death which we expect in stories of the plains.

Mr. Wister has gained confidence and skill, and lets his stories run free, without pulling on the curb or digging in the spurs. If they kick up their heels occasionally, so much the better for the spectators.

THE reverend author of "The Grip of Honor" (Scribner's), Cyrus Townsend Brady, has a congenial theme in the exploits of Paul Jones. Moreover, the love story, on which the fighting is strung, is exciting enough—and the lover is brave and the girl is true through all sorts of direful straits.

There are several very dramatic situations in the story—particularly the episode of the real girl in the picture frame, and also the escape of the hero from the British ship after he had once been strung up at the yard arm. The fight of the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* owes its vividness to Mr. Brady's naval training at Annapolis, engrafted on his natural fondness for a scrap.

The story is the main thing in Mr. Brady's historical novels, and it is never allowed to be swamped by historical details.

AMONG recent volumes of American essays, the most important are George E. Woodberry's two volumes (Macmillan)—the one literary in subject, "Makers of Literature," and the other social and philosophical, "Heart of Man." These two volumes show the range of Mr. Woodberry's intellectual interests. They complement each other, and reveal that, while the best literature has strongly influenced his philosophy of life, his ardent interest in life itself has always been the final court of appeal in his judgment of literature. Often, however, he conveys the impression that he has so carefully preserved his balance between literature and life that he has, perhaps, missed the full enjoyment of either.

Eliot Gregory's volume, "The Ways of Men" (Scribner), is felicitously written, and pleasantly satirical. He takes the cosmopolitan view, with strong leanings toward what is French in literature and art.

Droch.



A MODERN ST. GEORGE.

The Soldier: I WONDER IF THERE'S A REWARD OFFERED TO KILL THIS DRAGON.

New Publications.

The Waters of Edera. By Ouida. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

A strong picture of the ignorance and conservatism of the Italian peasant. The author, however, seems to approve of many of the sentiments of her characters in regard to the trend of modern civilization, and has devoted much of the book to the exposition of an argument in which sentiment is substituted for premises and invective for conclusions.

Towards Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

There are two parts to this book, a historical introduction and a description of the recent events in South Africa as seen by the author. The historical introduction is a ten per cent. solution—one part of History dissolved in nine parts of Gratuitous Abuse of the Boers. Mr. Ralph himself, however, calls our attention to the fact that much of it was written for a London daily. The subsequent chapters, dealing with Lord Methuen's campaign and the early part of the war, are clear, graphic and very interesting.

Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville. By C. C. Converse. New York: R. H. Russell.

A series of sketches reprinted from the papers and comic publications, dealing with the vicissitudes of the suburbanite. The author is evidently a professional humorist and deals with his subject in the machine-like manner expected of professional humorists.

Glutton or Epicure. By Horace Fletcher. Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

Mr. Fletcher has evolved a great idea in this smart little volume. In brief, it is that the sum of human happiness is contained in living on one meal a day, and then not swallowing what is tasted. He hints vaguely at numbers of people who have been rejuvenated by his unique method, but he instances only two who have actually tried it and still lived—himself and a "bloated" tramp. Perhaps more will follow, after reading Mr. Fletcher's gastronomical epigrams—but we doubt it.

A Cumberland Vendetta. By John Fox, Jr. London and New York: Harper and Brothers.

A new edition of a story already familiar to many readers.

Three Men on Wheels. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

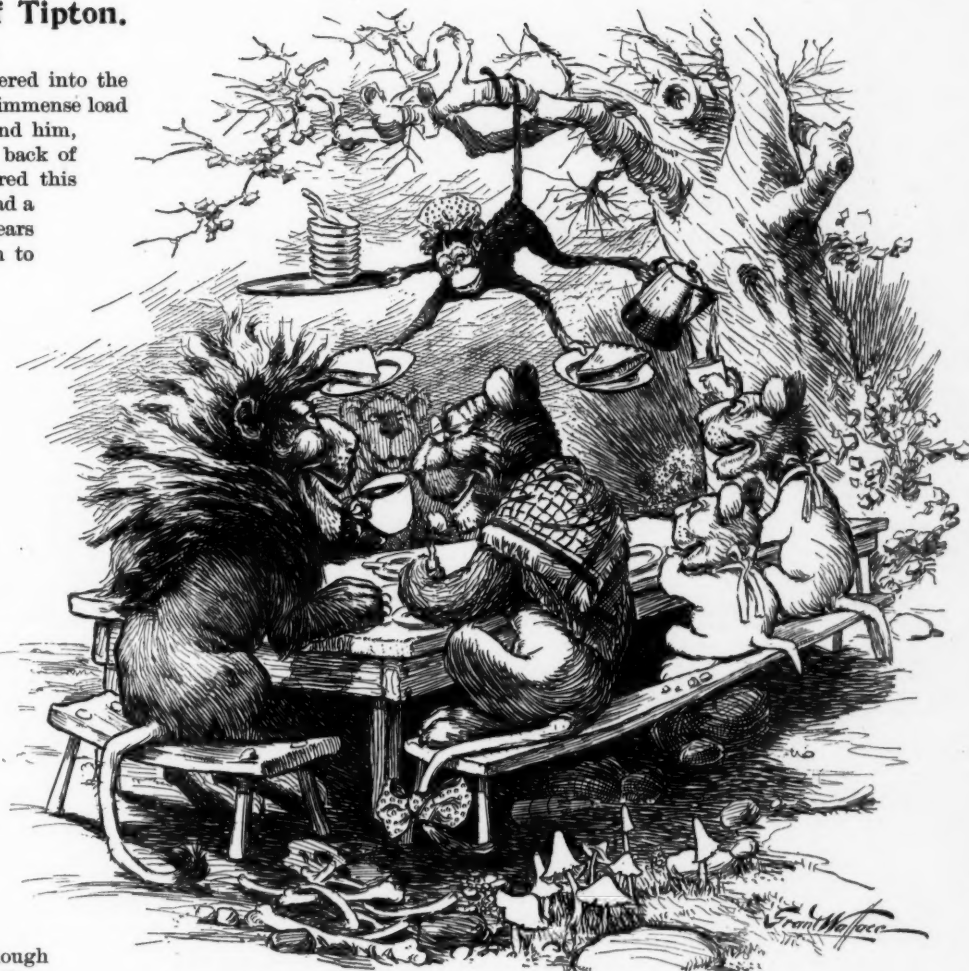
Like its predecessors, this story of Mr. Jerome's is delightfully funny—in spots. The following directions should, however, accompany the book: "Dose, one chapter every now and then."

The Thoroughness of Tipton.

"YES, sir, I'm through!"

Tipton had just staggered into the car, and, having deposited an immense load of bundles and packages around him, stared ahead of him into the back of the next passenger, and uttered this vigorous sentiment. Tipton had a habit of talking to himself. Years of oppression had brought him to it. It was his one relief.

Whenever, under the weight of the oftentimes heavy burdens that Mrs. Tipton imposed upon him, his spirit revolted, and his sense of independence was unusually stirred, Tipton got rid of his feelings in airy speech. A long experience had taught him to train his voice to any desired pitch, so it was rare indeed that anyone caught him at this consolatory trick. His most impassioned thoughts were, in his speech, duly curbed and checked by proximity to other receptive objects in the order of their receptivity. So that in moments of his greatest excitement it was not always possible to reveal himself fully to the mysterious person whom he addressed, who, however, was always good enough to understand him, to sympathize with him, and to listen at all times with a ready ear. Who this person was may ever remain a mystery. It may have been Tipton's other self. It may have been some kindly and genial and helpful spirit that had taken refuge in Tipton's nervous and wiry little body. At any rate, this other person, whoever he was, was a gentleman. He had a keen sense of justice, and he always understood. Moreover, he was a good listener, and never interrupted or talked back. Yet his invariable silent agreement was in no sense a weakness. His was the office of a friend, and Tipton felt that he could be imposed upon at all times, which is the most rigorous test of true friendship.



A TREASURE.

Mrs. Leo: DON'T YOU THINK OUR NEW WAITRESS IS VERY HANDY?

"Of course," continued Tipton, as he settled down in his seat, "as you know, my wife is a peculiar person. Undoubtedly she is fond of me, and I must say she has marked ability in many ways, besides being attractive. The trouble with her is that she likes to have her own way, and by keeping at it all the time she generally succeeds. I've got other things to do. I can't always be bickering and trying to hold my own. It's easier for me to do as she tells me than it is to refuse, for that always makes trouble. I know, of course, that down in her heart Sarah doesn't mean anything, but—Yes,

sir, I'm through! I'm going to run my own house!"

Tipton's eyes brightened, and the thought, growing swiftly to large proportions, took entire possession of him. The recollection of all he had endured in the past lashed him into a fury.

"What am I, anyway?" he muttered. "A man? What an idiot I've been! She'll think a good deal more of me, too. Let's see, I'll—Sarah, come here! What do I want? I want you! Now, my dear, we may as well understand each other. Hitherto, to keep peace in the family, I've done a great many things that no other self-respecting

The Infant's Book of Sport.

By OLIVER HERFORD.



THE FOX HUNT.

OH, Fox, you've had a merry run.
In all the world there's no such Fun,
As over Fields and Fences free
To chase a Sporty Fox and be
First at the Death. In Wood or Field,
What can more Healthy Pleasure yield
Than this?

What say you, Curlylocks?
Well, no! Perhaps *not* to the Fox!



COURSING.

THE Hare is off, he does not lag!
He's glad to leave that stuffy Bag
And play a little game of Tag.
Will the Hare Win? Oh, not at all.
He cannot go beyond that Wall.
Ah, *now* he's Caught! Why does he Squeal
So very loud? He makes me feel
Quite *Queer*!

The Hare, my Child, is Short
Of Brains. He does not know its Sport.

man would do, AND I'VE GOT THROUGH! Hereafter, when you want any shopping done in town, you do it yourself. I carry no more bundles! Not only that, but you hire your own servants. You will also attend to the marketing, and if it exceeds a certain sum a week, I'll take it out of your allowance. As for your buying me any more clothes of any description, why, I won't have it. I'm through, Sarah! Hereafter I run this house to suit myself."

The whistle of the train interrupted Tipton at this point, and his face began instinctively to lose its stern, unyielding expression and take on a more plastic and humble tone. Tipton was nearing home. Every day for years he had rehearsed that same speech to his other self, and every day, as the whistle sounded, he had merged back

into the old burden-bearing and tractable husband. He slowly gathered up his bundles and trudged away from the station.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tipton, as she relieved her husband of his freight, and kissed him in a half-motherly way, "we are going out sailing."

"When?" said Tipton.

"Now," replied his wife. "Mr. Vanton has a new boat, you know, and he has asked us to go this afternoon."

"He didn't come around here, did he?" said Tipton, faintly. That, he thought to himself, would be too much. He had never liked Vanton overmuch, and that gentleman had been known to pay attentions to certain married ladies. Tipton was, therefore, suspicious.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Tipton, who, despite her authoritative tem-



Surely Chocolate Cream: THANK GOODNESS, WE'RE SAVED! THEY'VE STARTED TO EAT ONE ANOTHER!



PIG STICKING.

O H, see the Boar dash through the Brake!
 He knows good Sport and no mis-take!
 Ah! now he turns and kills a Dog.
 He is a Vicious, Brutal Hog!
 He has the Temper of a Rat.
 But soon they'll give him *tit-for-tat*.
 My Child, this teaches how Unwise
 It is to let your Temper rise.



A DEER HUNT.

THE Hunter's Horn sounds Bright and Clear;
 The Hunters raise a merry cheer.
 But why is Mr. Stag so Sad?
 Sport is a thing to make one Glad.
 He seems about to Shed a Tear,
 Just when the Height of Sport is near.
 If he can Swim a few Strokes more,
 I fear that he will gain the Shore.
 And then if he *should* get away,
 The Sport is Ruined for To-day!

perament, was the soul of propriety. "He sent a note addressed to us both, and I opened it and replied that we would go. Come quick and change your clothes. We must be at the dock at four, and the carriage will be here directly."

She motioned Tipton upstairs, and he went without a word. Once alone with himself, he was careful not to raise his voice, exercising that premonitory caution which previous experience had rendered necessary. Mrs. Tipton had caught him once, in one of his unguarded and excited moments, declaiming his wrongs to the empty air, and his life had been made more miserable for days afterwards. There was now, however, a sense of subdued joy about his movements that the promise of a sail on the water, even in another man's boat, had given him.

"So Vanton has a new boat," he muttered to himself, as he put on a

pair of white duck trousers, two sizes too large, that his wife had bought the week before at a bargain sale. "He's probably been out three or four times, and thinks he knows all about handling her. Well, Vanton has been sitting on the yacht club piazza for the past three years, instructing other men in nautical terms, and it's about time he tried his hand at it." Tipton arrayed himself in a bright green flannel shirt of his wife's selection, put on the least objectionable tie, and prepared to descend. "I'll bet," he said to himself, "that I won't get a chance at the tiller all the afternoon. But it will be some fun sailing, anyway. By Jove! I don't know whether it's a safe thing, after all, to take chances with one's wife and a fellow like that, unless he has some man to sail—but he'd never do that—he knows too much himself."

Mrs. Tipton was waiting for him downstairs in a brand-new shirt waist and a becoming sailor hat.

"Do you think we'd better go?" he said. "Vanton may not know too much about sailing a boat, and—"

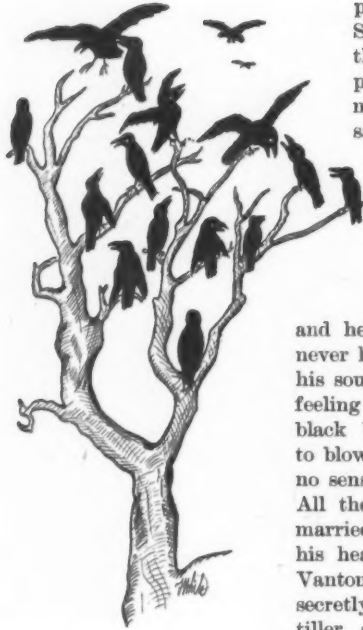
Mrs. Tipton for answer took him by the arm and led him to the carriage.

"Get in," she said briefly, by way of reply. And Tipton got in.

The boat was a jib and mainsail affair of the knockabout type, thirty feet long, newly painted, with a diminutive cabin, and entirely spick and span. Vanton asked Tipton to lend a hand, "if you don't mind," he said. "I could have got a boy, but I thought you might like to learn something about a boat." They hauled up the mainsail and jib, and Vanton stood at the tiller and told Tipton what to do.

"Let go your cable," he shouted, as the breeze filled the jib, and Tipton cast off, and ran aft and made fast the jib sheet.

"Isn't this glorious!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipton, as the boat slipped out of the



A CAUCUS OF CAW CUSSES.

bay into the broad Sound. "Do you know, Mr. Vanton, this silly man didn't want to come. I believe he was actually afraid. That is," she said, correcting herself, "he thought perhaps it might be too rough for me."

Mrs. Tipton was always careful of her husband, and however much she might ridicule him in private, she never made him appear in a wrong light before other people.

Vanton let the Birdie come up into the wind, while he tightened the jib sheet, regardless of Tipton's proximity to that important rope.

"You are perfectly safe with me," he replied, confidently. "The Birdie is one of the best seaboats in these waters."

They had been sailing for a good hour, when the wind died out, and the Birdie, with no way on, lay idly

pitching and tossing in the middle of the Sound. A black cloud had suddenly risen to the northwest, and Tipton watched the expression on Vanton's face as the latter nervously looked aloft at the flapping mair-sail. "I guess we'd better take a reef in the mainsail," he said, uneasily.

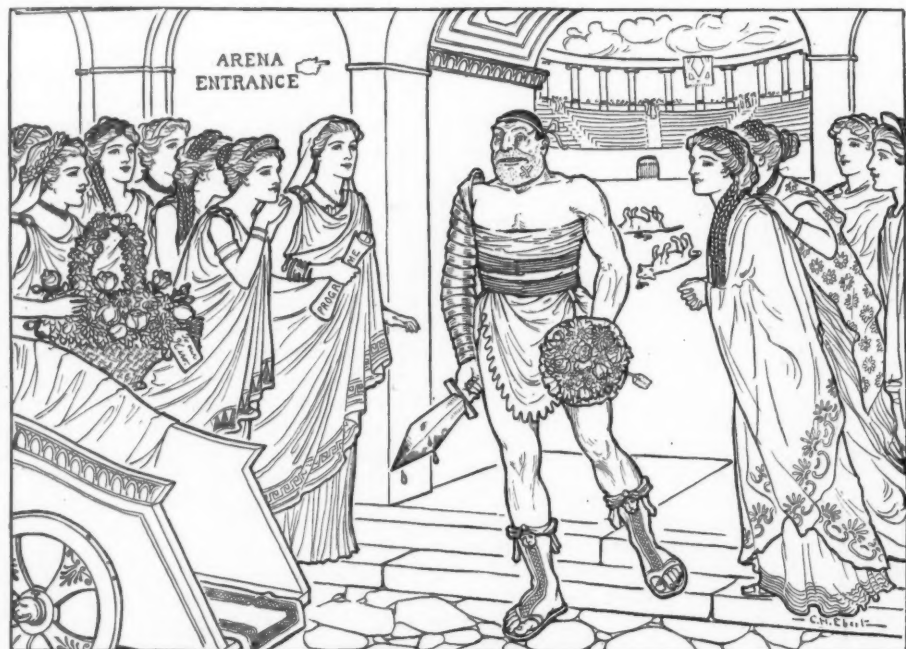
Tipton knew what that cloud meant. His married life had been relieved by few holidays, and sailing had not been among his pastimes, much as he enjoyed it, but he had not spent most of his boyhood in a sailboat for nothing, and he had that instinctive seamanship which never leaves a man when once it has entered into his soul. It came back to him now in a flood of feeling as he gazed at the huge and ominous black bank of wind and rain. He wanted it to blow, and he wanted it to blow hard. He had no sense of danger, but rather one of exultation. All the pent-up and suppressed feelings of his married life were ready to burst the dam, and his heart leaped within him. As he looked at Vanton's face, he knew the latter was afraid—secretly afraid. His hand nervously twitched the tiller, and he looked anxiously over the leaden waste of water, now so rigidly calm. Mrs. Tipton divined that there was danger in the air.

"We are going to have a storm," she burst out. "Is there any danger?"

Vanton smiled bravely. "Not a bit,"

he said. "The Birdie can weather anything."

The two men worked over the sail in silence, and, half its usual size, it was hoisted again, and bellied out fitfully to the occasional puffs of air that now began to stir over the water. Then the wind came steadier, and the Birdie leaned over as she took it. Tipton kept his eye glued to windward. The black cloud had now stretched well overhead, and the white caps were beginning to show. Suddenly he saw what he had been looking for—that long, white line on the water that always means business. Vanton saw it at the same time. "Look at that!" he shouted, pale as a ghost. Tipton bounded forward, grabbed the halliards, and let go everything. The jib and mainsail came tumbling down with a rush. Springing aft he grasped the tiller away from Vanton, and brought the boat up into the wind before she lost headway. Mrs. Tipton, silent and awestruck, was halfway down the cabin steps when he grabbed her by her collar. "Come up out of that!" he roared in her ear. "If she goes over, you'll be drowned like a rat in a hole." And then the squall struck.



THE MATINÉE IDOL.



"Mrs. Tipton convulsively held on to Tipton's legs."

The leech of the mainsail hit Tipton in the head and knocked off the cap his wife had purchased for him the week before, and he smiled as he saw it sailing off to leeward. Vanton shrank down in the bottom of the cockpit, and Mrs. Tipton convulsively held on to Tipton's legs, as he stood up and looked out on the boiling cauldron. For fifteen minutes, as he said to himself afterwards, he never saw it blow harder. Then there came a rift in the clouds. The Birdie, under her bare pole, had been drifting off to leeward, but it was now time to make sail.

"Haul up the jib," Tipton shouted to Vanton, "and stand by your throat halliards."

"May I go downstairs, dear?" pleaded Mrs. Tipton.

"Not on your life!" roared her reconstructed husband. "You stay on deck, and do as I tell you!"

One hour and thirty-five minutes

later a small, thirty-foot yacht, under double reefs, slipped into the harbor and up to her mooring. The owner of the yacht stood forward and caught the cable as she rounded to. In the cockpit sat a lady in a saturated shirt waist, and on her face a rapid expression betokening an advanced degree of mingled admiration and respect, as she gazed at a small, determined-looking man, who, for the past hour and a half, had been running things to suit himself for the first time in eight years.

At precisely eight o'clock that same evening, that same man, smoking a large cigar and disseminating as he went along the faint bouquet of whiskey and water, entered his wife's dressing-room.

"Sarah," he said, "come here!"

Mrs. Tipton came over and gazed lovingly at her lord and master.

"Yes, dear," she said, "what is it?"

"Now, my dear," said Tipton, "we may as well understand each other. Hitherto, to keep peace in the family, I've done a great many things that no other self-respecting man would do and I'VE GOT THROUGH! Hereafter, when you want shopping done in town, you do it yourself. I carry no more bundles! Not only that, but you will hire your own servants. You will also attend to the marketing, and if it exceeds a certain sum a week, I'll take it out of your allowance. As for your buying me any more clothes of any description, why, I won't have it. I'm through, Sarah. Hereafter I run this house myself. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Tipton went over to him and put her arms around his neck. "My dear," she said, rapturously, "I have been hoping for years that you would talk that way to me."

Tom Masson.



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ADVICE TO CADDIES
YOU WILL SAVE TIME BY KEEPING YOUR EYES ON



ICE TO CADDIES.

YOUR EYE ON THE BALL, NOT ON THE PLAYER.

A Rub of the Green.

UPON the grassy links one day
With Mabel I was playing;
The caddie was too far away
To hear what we were saying.

I gathered sand and made a tee
When, fired by inspiration,—
This ball should read my fate for me,—
And then in trepidation,

"This, Mabel, is my heart," said I,
"See at your feet 'tis lying."
She, laughing, raised her driver high
And sent the ball a-flying.

I lightly veiled my deep intent;
To her it little mattered
That in my heart she'd made a dent
And all my hopes were shattered.
Now oft when with the ball I start
To place it in position,
Demure she asks, "Is that your heart?"
In evident contrition.

I shake my head, now wiser grown;
For though I can't help seeing
She likes to play with hearts, I own
I lack the sand for teeing.
George Gilbert Crawford.

AMICUS: This famine in India is
a terrible thing. Everybody is
talking about it.

MANAGER: Eternody talking about
it? I vonder if ve couldn't get Belasco
or Strange to dramatize it for us.



The Bird: NO SHOOTING ALLOWED, EH! I GUESS I'LL MOVE MY FAMILY HERE TO-MORROW.



Evidence Under Oath.

↑ Has been the fashion for the subsidized critics who represent the Theatrical Trust in the columns of the daily press to sneer at the charges against that Hebraic syndicate as having no foundation in fact. The following statements from testimony before the United States Industrial Commission go to show that the newspaper advocates of the Trust may be mistaken or dishonest. Mr. Lee M. Hart, General Secretary-Treasurer of the National Alliance of Theatrical Employees, is on the stand.

What the Trust does for the public:

Q.: I ask you what, in your judgment, has been the result? Has it been advantageous or otherwise to the general public or not?

A.: Well, I do not think it has been very advantageous; I think it has been a detriment to some extent.

Q.: Do you think it has had any tendency to elevate the class of performances?

A.: It has in some ways and in others it has not. During the last year or two the productions have not been of a character that have been morally or artistically above the standard, but they have been rather of a mediocre kind and sometimes below the standard. If a man and his family desire to go to a first-class theatre that is all they can get.

Q.: He has got to take what the syndicate gives him?

A.: Got to take what they give him.

Q.: Does the Theatrical Syndicate, generally speaking, practically control the theatrical business of the country?

A.: They do; they control practically the productions of the country. Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Herne are about the only people that are going independently and playing independently and producing their own plays independently.

Q.: (By Mr. Mantle.) So that they exist, Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Herne?

A.: They are successful, but they are put to a great deal of inconvenience, I suppose;



AERIAL REPORTEER.

"MAN! YE'LL LOSE YE'RE LIFE!"
"NOP—I'M FINDING MY LIVING."

Maud and the Judge.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Scorched along on the broad highway.
The Judge steamed by, and said: "My dear,
There's room for you; come jump in here.
My au-to-mo-bile's built for two—
For me, and for a peach like you."
But as he spoke, his auto reared,
Blew up, and lo! it disappeared.
And Maud said, as she watched his plight,
"Thanks, Judge. You're really
out of sight."



there are some cities where they cannot secure a first-class theatre.

What the Trust is doing for the theatres:

Q.: Has it operated, in any case that has come under your notice, to the loss or disadvantage of theatres not owned or controlled by this Trust?

A.: Yes.

Q.: It has injured them?

A.: It has injured them at times to be unable to find companies to play, and they have either had to go to work and take in anything in order to keep the theatre open, or else close down.

Q.: The Trust controls the best talent of the country?

A.: Yes.

Q.: And in order to secure that, the owners of theatres throughout the country have to make terms with the Trust or go without the best talent?

A.: The theatres of the country that book through the Trust. Whenever they do not book through the Trust and give up a certain percentage, why, they do not get the Trust companies.

What the Trust is doing for actors and the art of acting:

Q.: Are not the prominent actors and actresses of the country compelled to appear in the theatres owned by this combination in certain cases, or go without an audience?

A.: If they won't book in New York, then they will not allow them to book in any theatres that they control through the United States.

Q.: And they practically control the theatrical talent of the country?

A.: Yes.

Q.: That is, they compel them to work for them?

A.: They compel them to perform in their theatres.

Q.: What is the sentiment generally entertained by them—that is, the leaders—with respect to the Theatrical Syndicate?

A.: They think that it is doing a great deal of injury artistically.

Q.: Are there theatres which are owned by individuals—the terms made by individuals with each company?

A.: Well, you see, to-day through the Theatrical Syndicate there are a number of schools for acting in New York, and indirectly they are connected with the Frohman houses, and each year there is a certain number of men and women that graduate from these schools that are given positions with companies. These people get work and take the positions at a salary of \$20 a week, where originally the actor who has lent the years of his life to the study would get \$75 to \$100 a week; that is, a young woman or a young man would, simply to get into the business, work for \$20 a week and less. And that is why the really legitimate people on the stage hold no kindly feelings toward these companies that have got people through these schools of acting for very low wages.

Q.: (By Mr. Mantle.) Is there no question of merit involved?

A.: It is a question of dollars and cents.

Q.: They are not only controlling the theatres, but they are now controlling the production of actors and actresses?

A.: Yes.

Q.: And the tendency of it is rather—

A.: It has a tendency to degrade the theatre.

Q.: Is downward?

A.: Yes.



Mamma Fly: WILLIE, COME RIGHT OUT OF THAT AT ONCE. DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO GO IN SWIMMING SO EARLY?



BILLY IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN, BUT HE SAYS THE NEXT TIME HE GOES FISHING WITH A WOMAN—
BUT WHY REPEAT SUCH LANGUAGE?



"HOL' ON DAR, YOU WIND."



"DA GOES MA NEW SPRING BONNET."



LIFE'S Meanest City Contest closed on the 1st of June, 1900, no manuscripts received after that date having been considered. The multiplicity of the manuscripts received has rendered it necessary for the Editors to select only those for publication which came nearest to the conditions stated. Announcement of the award will be made in an early number of LIFE.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

I sing of the place renowned for "bay and climate"; a place justly famed, for nature has provided nothing to drink but salt bay water and nothing to eat but climate.

The town, like a squab pigeon, was bigger at its boom-birth than it ever has been since. In area it is the second largest city in the United States,

and in enterprise the smallest. Its taxes correspond with its area, but what it lacks in population it makes up in fleas; so it may be said to be on the jump.

Its city council is larger than most State legislatures; lobbyists say that they don't come high, but they "come so d——d often."

It is the paradise of cranks; everything in the religious line from "Illuminated Minds" to "Hook-and-Eye Baptists"; and everything in politics from Fenlans to Gold Bugs.

In winter the business consists in fleecing tourists; in summer, trading jackknives and swapping dollars that were left by the visitors.

The principal amusement of the inhabitants consists of "running down" their neighbors, backbiting, spreading scandal, and "skinning" one another. When not busy with this, they are watching for rain—that never comes.

Once in a while a cloud looms up that seems to promise rain, and occasionally a boom starts which seems to indicate business, but they are invariably false alarms.

Now and then, a man by chance—never by industry—makes a living, but the others soon "get onto it" and spoil it; the spirit of equality is too rampant to allow any such state to long exist.

San Diegians are firmly convinced that there is only one way to climb the



"ANOTHER OF THEM GOL DARN HAWKES AFTER MY HENS."



"BY GUM, SOME GAL'S NEW BONNET. WHAT A JOKE."



"JOKE IS IT, YOU BLAME OLE WHITE TRASH?"



"YOH HEAH ME? A NEW ONE, RIGHT AWAY, QUICK, TOO."

encircling wall of stagnation, and when Gabriel blows his trumpet they will still be tugging at their bootstraps.

Mantup.

CLEVELAND.

Wot's dat? A mean city, eh? Say, did any o' you'se guys ever stack up agalnst Cleveland? Make it a jack, boys, and draw your cards. I chooses Cleveland and stands pat.

A mug what dey called Moses Cleaveland founded dat Home fer Feeble-minded just about a hundred years back. Wen he seen wot he done, he went out in de woods near Glenville and died. It's a cinch de rest o' de guys wot was foundin' towns about den would 'a smeared him fer queerin' de bizness if he hadn't. He had it comin' to him.

Mean? Why, Cleveland raised Mark Hanna, an' she's been gettin' worse ever since.

Dat's a great town fer dead games. De sporty boys in pink shirts wot shuffles de cards, spins de wheel, and calls out "Copper," and "Ace wins," at de faro table, hangs out in de next block to de City Hall; an' wotever de politician up de street lets get away, de sporty boys chalks up on de credit side and sings "God Save de Mayor." Stand in? Well, yes. Ain't dey all on to de same graft?

Cleveland has de bummiest lot o' men ever was. Why, dose guys couldn't even support a foist-claas ball team wen dey had one. Dey druv Patsey Tebeau an' his gang o' stars out o' town, pinchin' de eyes out o' de eagles on deir half-dollars. Dey couldn't make good in a ten cent limit. Wen de Gran' Circuit blows into Cleveland de bookies has all deir bills changed into

pennies. Dey're a gang o' selling platers wot couldn't tell a dry Martini from a Bradley-Martini wid a "Barkeeper's Guide."

And tight? Why, every guy dere is keepin' books on his pocket money, and wen he gets on a street car de conductor has to separate his nickel from him wid a crowbar an' a pair o' tweezers. Den he takes out a notebook an' figgers up his balance.

Cleveland dropped de middle "a" from her name some hundred years ago, but dat's de last t'ing ever got away from her.

Every time a real good actress blows into town and gets her peepers on de foist night's house, she gets sick and calls de rest o' de engagement all off.

I passes up dat burg. Stayed dere t'ree days, and den jumped de foist train fer Youngstown. Never bummed de price of a drink wile I was dere.

I'm troo wid Cleveland, an' right here I wants to warn de rest o' de "perfish" to stay away.

Weary Willie.

A Treasure Transferred.

HE: Women don't stand by each other.

SHE: Pardon me, but that's not so! I've refused many a man who afterwards made some other girl a splendid husband.



"HURRY UP, NOW!"



AND FOR SECURITY HE HAS COME TO HORSE BLINDERS.

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Grey Stone and Porphyry. By Henry T. Peck. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) (1.25.)
Stephen Phillips' Poems. 6th Edition. (Lane.) (1.50.)
Songs of the Glens of Antrim. By Moira O'Neill. (MacMillan.) (1.00.)
The Wager and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell. (Century.) (1.00.)

NATURE, ETC.

Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them. By Harriet L. Keeler. (Scribner's.) (2.00.)
Home and Garden. By Gertrude Jekyll. (Longmans.) (3.50.)
Nature Studies in Berkshire. By J. C. Adams. (Putnam.) (4.50.)
World of Green Hills. By B. Torrey. (Houghton.) (1.25.)
A Guide to the Trees. By Alice Lounsberry. (Stokes.) (2.50.)
How to Know the Ferns. By Mrs. Dana. (Scribner's.) (1.50.)
How to Know the Wild Flowers. Colored Plates. By Mrs. Dana. New Edition. (Scribner's.) (3.00.)



FOR BOOK-BORROWERS.

I of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last Winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They pick'd my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore
Without a Home on earth.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Aken-side.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn,
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

—Notes and Queries.

SHORTLY after ex-President Cleveland was first inaugurated, a Buffalonian bade his friends good-by, explaining that he was going down to Washington to see "Grover," and, considering that they were old friends, he was confident that "Grover" would give him some nice office. In due time he reached Washington and the President; but, alas, his efforts to induce Grover to give him any office, foreign or domestic, proved unsuccessful. Finally, in desperation, the Buffalonian said:

"Now, look here, Grover; before leaving home I told my friends that I thought you'd give me something, and I hate, you know, to go back empty-handed. I don't care so much about getting an office, but I don't want that Buffalo crowd

to have a laugh at my expense."

Cleveland reflected a moment, and then said:

"Well, Jim, I'll tell you what's the best I can do for you. You can go back and tell your friends that I offered you the consulship at Liverpool—and that you declined it."

—Argonaut.

A STAGE heroine, who happened at the same time to be an able executant on the piano, had to play night after night the same part at a popular theatre. She anxiously longed to give the audience a specimen of her musical abilities, but her part in the performance afforded no opportunity for such a display of her powers.

Her inventive genius came to the rescue, and she discovered a place in the action where pianist and heroine might go hand in hand. When the curtain rose, revealing the desert of the Black Mountains, the spectators beheld, to their astonishment, a splendid grand piano placed at the foot of the rocks.

The heroine, with the haste of one who is pursued, climbed down the rocky path, stopped enraptured at the sight of the piano, and exclaimed:

"The savages have burned down our cottage, murdered my father and mother, and driven away our cattle; but, Heaven be praised, they have left me my piano. Music shall comfort me in my distress, and if the ladies and gentlemen permit, I will play them a short selection."—Exchange.

A FRENCH journal reports a certain unpopular and tiresome author as saying to an acquaintance: "I should like to do something which no one has ever done before, and which no one will ever do again." "Easy enough," said the acquaintance. "But what shall I do?" "Write a favorable notice of one of your books!"—Argonaut.

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L'y Tippersville.....	9.00 a. m.
L'y Toppersville.....	10.00 a. m.
L'y Drunkards' Cure.....	11.00 a. m.
L'y Rowdys' Wood.....	11.30 a. m.
A'y Quarrelsbury.....	Noon.
(Remains one hour to abuse wife and children.)	
L'y Quarrelsbury.....	1.00 p. m.
A'y Lusty Gulch.....	1.15 p. m.
A'y Bummers' Roost.....	1.30 p. m.
A'y Beggars' Town.....	2.00 p. m.
A'y Criminals' Rendezvous.....	3.00 p. m.
A'y Deliriumville.....	4.00 p. m.
A'y Rattlesnake Swamp.....	6.00 p. m.
A'y Prisonburg.....	8.00 p. m.
A'y Devil's Gap (brakes all off).....	10.00 p. m.
A'y Dark Valley.....	10.30 p. m.
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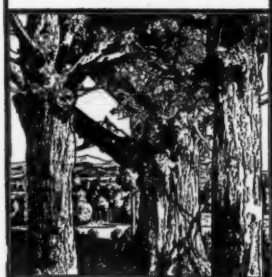
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END-OF-CENTURY EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy ;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy ;
She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning by sight ;
Shone at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might.
She served on a School Board with courage and zeal ;
She golfed and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel.
She read Tolstol and Ibsen, knew microbes by name,
Approved of Delsarte, and loved to shoot game.
Her children went in for the top education ;
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free ;
The shock was so great that she died instantly.

— Pick-Me-Up.

THE spirit of love and kindness to all which pervaded every word and deed of Phillips Brooks did not hinder his keen appreciation of others' failings and shortcomings, or his own.

"Why in the world doesn't Brown write his autobiography and have it published?" said one of the Bishop's friends, referring to an incessant talker and most egotistical man, who had been wasting an hour of the Bishop's most precious time by a rehearsal of some unimportant happenings.

"Why, he'd rather tell it, of course," said the Bishop; and then like a flash came regret for the quickly-spoken truth, and he turned on his friend with a half-humorous, half-distressed face.

"What do you mean by asking me such a question as that when I'm off my guard?" he demanded, reproachfully.

— Youth's Companion.

"Is not Snorkins a rising man in politics?"

"Naw; he is one of those fellows that would take the nomination for Vice-President if it was offered to him."

— Boston Commercial Bulletin.

DURING a committee meeting preceding the late Ecumenical Conference in New York, a speaker was dwelling upon the cheapness of human life in China. He dwelt especially upon the fact that, when a Chinaman is condemned to death, he may always find a substitute to die in his place.

"And," he added, "I have heard that many poor fellows earn their living by acting as substitutes in that manner!"

— Exchange.

THE society man is a strange specimen of growth, whose popularity among his crowd is a vacillating nonentity. His pocketbook is his pendulum. So long as that swings freely the social clock registers the right time. No matter who or what he may assume to be, or be in fact, the golden calf will be worshipped, though it have the tail of a monkey or the ears of an ass. — The Schoolmaster.

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A CONGRESSMAN tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the Speaker, upon what to say.

"Say anything except the truth," was the reply; "it's customary." — Argonaut.

A SHOPKEEPER wrote to one of his customers as follows:

"I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at half a crown a yard. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only two shillings a yard. In order to lose no time, I accept the last mentioned price."

— Tit-Bits.

THE Arizona editor, who divides his spare hours between reading Kipling and cleaning his gun, has just hung this neat placard in his sanctum:

"Don't submit spring poetry — lest we forget."

— Chicago News.

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A STORY, apropos of a visit of the Japanese Prince, is being told in Paris about a former Japanese Embassy, which came to France to arrange about three free ports which were to be opened to trade in Japan and France respectively. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs chose Yokohama, Yeddo and Han-Yang. The Japanese Ambassador smiled and went away. Soon afterward Japan signified that she had selected the three French ports of Havre, Marseilles and Southampton. The French Foreign Office went into fits of laughter at this blunder, and pointed out that Southampton was in England.

"We are perfectly aware of it," replied the Japanese Ambassador, "and Han-Yang is in Corea."

— Shipping World.

THE woman who wishes she were a man has never found out that she is a woman. — The Criterion.

THERE is no better dinner wine than Cook's Imperia Extra Dry Champagne. It helps digest your food.

A WIDOW in Yorkshire, commissioning the local stone mason to erect a tombstone, stated that she wished to have one that would do credit to her late husband and herself.

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— Exchange.

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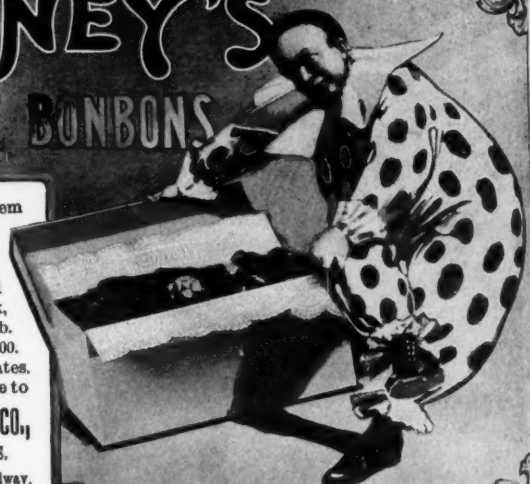
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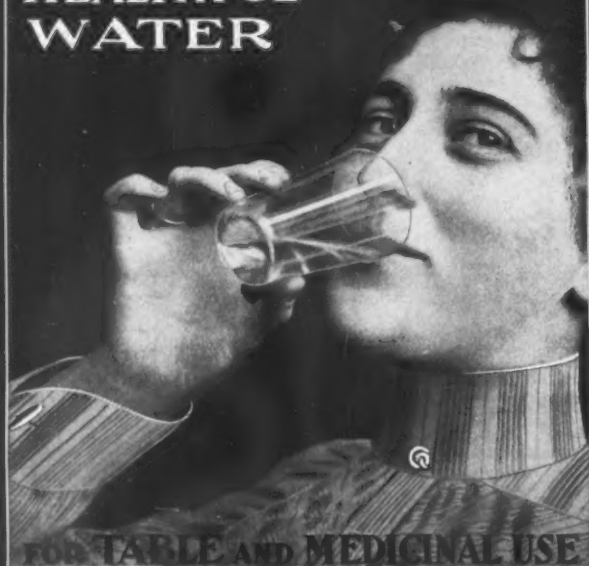
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Monday, June 11—The Myrtle, 3 and up
Tuesday, June 12—The Hanover, 2-year-olds; The Kensington Hurdle
Wednesday, June 13—The Falcon, 3-year-olds; The Tremont, 2-year-olds
Thursday, June 14—The Derby, 3-year-olds; The Greater New York Steeplechase

Boxes for the Meeting can be had by addressing the Secretary.

H. D. McINTYRE, Secretary

P. J. DWYER, President